1:Du Bois E-5 (1938-1939) 1944
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December 29, 1938

[Tilapada was asked to continue yesterday's story.] After the quarrel I said we would separate, so I ran away and stayed at Tilalawati. I stayed only five or six days, and then father said we would have to go hunt for mokos to pay back my husband. He suggested Padakalieta, but I said, "And who will go to him?" Then father suggested Padakafani [an old man, the father of Rilpada the Seer], but I said, "And who will go to him?" So father said, "The way you are talking you must want to go back to your husband." I said I might. Then my husband's uncle came and asked me to go back, which I did. My husband already had a very fine piece of cloth [*lamarieng*] for my mother and a Maningmauk moko for my father. Since then we have not fought any more. 159x

[She then repeated the story of her actions as go-between for Fanlang and Matinglang, saying that after Fanlang married Matinglang they all four lived together in one house.] Matinglang and I went to work our gardens together. She and Fanlang cultivated only one, but I cultivated three that first year. One day someone died, and I came home wailing to find that Matinglang and Fanlang had quarreled. They wanted a divorce. They fought because the corn from the field they had worked together had been traded for cloth. Matinglang wanted to give the cloth to her mother, but Fanlang didn't wish this. They separated and on the very same day Matinglang's parents returned the Tamamia moko that Fanlang had given them. They had been married three years and had already slept together. [Question.] The divorce did not break up my friendship with Matinglang. We have remained friends. For a long time Matinglang and Fanlang did not look at each other. Then Matinglang asked me to speak to Fanlang, saying she would take him back. I said I would ask him but that I was afraid her mother and father would be opposed to a reunion. I spoke to Fanlang and he said she could come back. However, her parents would not let her, because Fanlang had lied to them [i.e., he had not kept his promise about payments].

Once an old woman died and people asked mother for the cloth that Likma had given her, as a shroud for the dead woman. I thought we had better get mother a new shawl. Likma and I worked together and went to Likuwatang to trade the corn we had for cloth. We gave sixty small corn bundles for it. The next year father died. On the day father died Kolana traders happened to come here, so Mailang bought cloth to bury father in. [The coastal people weave; the mountain people do not.] He didn't have enough, so we gave a pig worth a Kabali moko. [439]

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I had dug some sweet potatoes and asked who would go with me to Kalabahi to sell them. Those two said they were going to sell betel catkins and we could go together. [Question.] We were about the same age. [Was your mother angry or worried at your long stay?] Mother asked, "Why were you gone so long?" So I told her what had happened. Mother asked what I had bought. I said I had bought cloth. Mother said, "Oh, I was angry because I thought you would come back empty-handed." [Was it your first cloth?] No. For my first shawl I pounded rice and Lonpada took it to Likuwatang, where she exchanged it for cloth while I cared for her son. That first shawl was worth one rupiah and twenty-five cents. Lonpada had given me this rice to pound in the first place. [Did you spend all your rupiah and a half on cloth in Kalabahi?] Yes, I spent it all on a shawl for myself. The sweet potatoes brought only five cents, and I spent those to buy cassava to eat while we worked. [Did you work for the policeman because you wanted to?] We didn't want to because we were afraid of being hungry. He carried a stick and we were afraid he might hit us if we stopped at midday when the sun was hot. We didn't want to work, but we were afraid not to.

After I had worked in Kalabahi I stayed home about one week and then went back to sell some more things. On the way home we stopped at Benleleng, and there were boys there who said, "Let's play cards." They were Nicolas and Djetmani. There were three girls—I, Kolata, and Fuifani. [All unmarried boys and girls.] The boys knew how to play cards, but we didn't yet. We put our money down and they took it all. Then we fought about it. We spent the night there and went on home in the early morning. As we walked they asked for water and areca, but we wouldn't give them any. We said, "If you want water, pay for it." When we got back to Laling Mountain, the boys said "We had better give them some of this back." So they gave each of us one cent. We had each lost fifteen cents.

When we got home, we said, "When we play cards, the men take our money. Let us go into the field and play with corn and beans as money so we can learn how." The boys gave us the lower cards of the pack and they kept the face cards. We girls played together in the fields, betting with food, and if we were lucky we would even bet our bracelets and anklets. [Do you still gamble?] No, I don't want to play cards any more. When a girl is single she can, but when she marries she doesn't want to any more.